# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.


Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.


Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, June* 20, 1807. [No. 25.


## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

*AN EXAMINATION OF THE CAUSES THAT HAVE RETARDED THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.*

In some recent numbers of The Port Folio we published an elegant oration from *the incision pen* of the ingenious Mr. Jarvis of Connecticut. This caustick satire upon the degraded and unprotected state of letters in this licentious country, is in our opinion perfectly just, and we accordingly expressed our most unqualified approbation of an article, which, though it may produce no reformation, may excite shame and justify reproach. We indicated to the publick that this subject would be resumed by a literary friend. He has faithfully kept his promise, and elegantly fulfilled his task. While, with all the powers of Candour and Discrimination, he has done justice, and ascribed honour to whom honour is due, he has, at the same time, in a voice manly, distinct, and clear, pronounced the just character of a country where the Genius of a Commonwealth is in direct hostility to Genius of every other kind. Among the causes, to which the neglect of elegant letters is to be ascribed, may be justly enumerated the narrow character of an administration, UTTERLY DESTITUTE OF CLASSICAL TASTE, together with the general rage for *vulgar* popularity, and for amassing gold rather than ideas.

THERE is no light, in which our country can be contemplated with less satisfaction to genuine patriotism than in her literary relations. While many divisions of Europe are actuated by a laudable emulation to widen the boundaries of liberal knowledge, which their exertions have already extended beyond what was known to the classick ages of antiquity, we seem to be engrossed with concerns, far less worthy the regard of an enlightened people.

It should no longer be concealed, whatever vulgar prejudices may be offended by its disclosure, that since our existence as a nation, we have not effected a single literary achievement of the highest excellence, and, at the most splendid epoch in the annals of mankind, we must rest our claims to distinction *chiefly* on the ardour of commercial enterprise, and the coarse operations of rural industry.

That the country contains a considerable portion of native literature, it is not meant to deny. But has her progress in the cultivation of letters equalled the expectations, which ought reasonably to have been entertained, from her ability and advantages, or even kept pace with her general career of improvement?

Till we exhibit a work which the verdict of scholars shall enrol with the great efforts of genius of other countries, the truth of the criticism I have delivered, harsh as it appears, is unimpeachable.

In the picture of the United States drawn by foreigners, there will be found still less to flatter our pride, and

to enhance the national reputation. We are invariably represented as a race of dealers devoted to low, sordid, and mercenary pursuits, without any sensibility to the charms of literature, or a taste for the arts, which diffuse a mild radiance over the face of society; and these dispositions they have not neglected to exaggerate by the colouring of ridicule, and to attack with the acrimony of sarcastick reproach.

Some, indeed, of the eminent French writers, have endeavoured, more ungraciously, to affix an inferiority to all the productions of the western hemisphere, by alleging, that within it the energies of nature are feebly exercised. This imputation, however, proceeds out of a crude and idle hypothesis which can never be countenanced. The magnitude of our mountains, the grandeur of our streams, the sublimity of our cataracts, the loftiness of our forests, and the enormous size of many of our animals, contradict at once the calumny, and proclaim that, it is in the new world, Nature has delighted to operate on the grandest scale, and to present herself in the most majestick attire.

Is it, then, in a section of the globe so rich in varied evidence of physical luxuriance, that man is niggardly created, and penuriously endowed? Notwithstanding its absurdity, there are not wanting those who have arrogantly preferred the charge against us. A conspicuous disciple of the same incautious sect, has pronounced that the inhabitants of America, aboriginal, as well as the descendants of the emigrant whites, are below Europeans in dignity of stature, and vigour of mind. Had the climate really the deteriorating quality ascribed to it, our fortune would be extremely deplorable. But, the allegation serves only to multiply the instances of the abuse of philosophy, and to show how readily judgment is seduced, and led away by the glare of imagination.

In the creation of the species, as a race, Nature is warped by no preference. She is insensible to favouritism, and cannot become a partisan. To all she distributes her bounties with the precision of "even-handed Justice," and the inequalities of intellectual power which belong to man in the diversified conditions of his existence, are owing to the degree of improvement which Education, and wise Discipline have bestowed.

Nations are found to rise or decline, according as the salutary or baneful influence of their moral and political institutions preponderates. Experience fully confirms the doctrine. Greece and Rome, arose and sunk, with no change of physical circumstances. England and France have reached an equal pitch of elevation, the one amidst chills and moisture; the other, under an equable temperature, and a sky of perennial brightness. Genius is a common inheritance. It is a plant which will flourish wherever protected. Nourish it carefully, and it shoots with strength, and ripens its choice productions, whether placed in the dry and elastick atmosphere of modern Italy, or among Ireland's murky and dense exhalations. Examples are supplied by either country of all the varieties of mental excellence. Each has furnished its poets, its historians, its philosophers, its orators, its warriours, and its statesmen.

Climate, no doubt, moulds the external features, and modifies the constitution, and, perhaps, characters, of inferiour animals. Man, however, does not recognize its dominion. It is the exclusive and inestimable prerogative of his reason to provide expedients to soften, or means of wholly averting its sinister tendencies.

But, let those who would presumptuously degrade us, impartially examine our history. The scrutiny may be proudly challenged.

While a people, as it were "in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," we displayed a moral energy, and corporeal hardihood, which have never been surpassed. Do the early accounts of any nation comprise more proofs of an ardent, persevering, and aspiring temper, incessantly struggling with difficulties and dangers, unwearied and

undismayed; or an intelligence more prolifick in devices to overcome the embarrassments of infancy?

When those rights and privileges, dear to freemen, were supposed to be invaded, did we discover tameness under the injury, or slowness to repel the aggression? The perilous, unequal and protracted war, in consequence, undertaken at every hazard and at every sacrifice, bears through every stage of it, honourable testimony to the valour of our arms, and the resources of our genius.

The events, indeed, of that memorable contest, the extent of military and civil ability it unfolded, and above all, the character of the illustrious individual who presided over its destinies, ought to have shielded the country against the censure of "impotence in the conception, and deficiency in the nourishment of human greatness," and cancelled forever, the unguarded speculation that gave it birth.*

Let us now turn to the channels in which the current of our energies has more permanently flowed, and survey the results.

Though, in the particular operations, which of necessity, have mostly employed us, "*during the intersting season of our pacifick glory*," no brilliant illustrations of national capacity can be expected, yet, *the manner* in which they have been conducted, yields proof, "strong as holy writ," to silence the contemptuous reproach that *within the western hemisphere, man has degenerated.*

We will point to the present prosperity of the country, and exultingly ask, whether a march so rapid in the culture of the soil, the extension of trade, in knowledge of the mechanical arts, and in some of the liberal attainments, could have been impelled by an "inert mind and a languid body."

We have prosecuted agriculture with such vigour, that besides feeding plentifully our own growing multitude, the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which they have felt, would have been a desolating famine, if this child of their old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the progress of our commerce, it has exceeded all preceding experience. There is no sea which is not vexed with our trade: no climate that is not witness to our toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by us.*

In manufactures, those especially which administer to our convenience, or immediate wants, we have made great proficiency, and to this description, under the circumstances of the country, our attention, of course, would be principally restricted.

Nor are we destitute of inventions to vindicate our ingenuity, though despoiled of some of them.

The quadrant, which in its application to navigation, is deemed only secondary to the loadstone, and the orrery, an admirable contrivance to elucidate the complex economy of the Planetary System, are both of our construction.

The celebrated authour of the latter invention, to borrow a compliment paid him, has not made a world, but he has approached nearest to it in his exquisite model.

To one of the fine arts, at least, we have confessedly an unusual aptitude. In the catalogue of modern painters, the names of our artists hold the first rank. But they stand there, as monuments alike of our fer-

* Note.—It is not one of the least curious instances of the convenient flexibility of French philosophy, as well as the facility with which they make their moral principles bend to their politeness, or policy, that when the intimate connexion arose between the United States and France, and they became endeared to each other by the kindred ties of "Sister Republicks," the Abbé Raynal, in an edition of his work published at the time, retracted, *most obligingly*, his censure from these "*suddenly illuminated States*," but continued it on all the other less favoured portions of the New World!!!

* Burke.

tility in the talent, and of the parsimony with which it is rewarded. The credit claimed from the works of West, of Copley, of Trumbull, and Stuart, we should blush to acknowledge, is reflected by the munificence of foreign patronage. That genius which has shed lustre on their profession, and the soil of their nativity, would have withered at the moment of bloom and promise by the blight of neglect, or grown with the feebleness of stinted protection, had it not wisely been transferred to a country, where there was promptness to discern its value, and a disposition ready to foster and to mature it.

This, happily, has not been the fate of a nobler, and more intellectual quality, by which we are distinguished. Eloquence thrives well among us. It may safely be affirmed, that since the Athenian democracy, with no people has the power of publick speaking so generally prevailed. American eloquence, however, for reasons hereafter to be noticed, is not of the highest gradation. Those lofty strains and brilliant effusions which the ancient specimens exhibit, or are to be seen in some of the spirited harangues, that the momentous events of modern Europe have inspired, it must with hesitation be allowed, are not attained by us.

But though we may not have poured the "torrent of Demosthenes, or spread the splendid conflagration of Tully," equalled the sublime energy of Chatham, or displayed the gorgeous imagery, classical embellishments, and redundant affluence of Burke; declaimed like the vehement Mirabeau, or flashed with the meteor scintillations of Curran, yet, in that style of oratory which shines without dazzling, and delights rather than excites astonishment, or rouses enthusiasm, we are extensively gifted, and conspicuously excel. There have been brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we boast of as much eloquence as has existed in any age or country.

The possession of a faculty so enviable and which from its wide diffusion, seems with us almost intuitive, strikingly manifests the force of our natural genius; and prophetically declares the value of its future productions.

To the preceding summary, much, I am sensible, might be added to exalt the traits of our national character, and to defeat the attempts which the wildness of an ill digested theory has made to stigmatize it. But the narrowness of my limits precludes the introduction of details. They permit me, merely, to seize the prominent lineaments and crayon the outlines.

Imperfect as the sketch is, it contains enough to satisfy any one, who is not blind to conviction, that by the extraordinary activity of the American mind, the country has acquired in little more than double the period of human longevity, whatever Europe accomplished, *except her learning*, during the lapse of centuries succeeding the era she began to emerge out of the darkness of barbarism. It should be recollected too, that this wonderful growth and expansion of acquisitions, are owing entirely to the strong impulse of a "generous nature" left to pursue its own course, and to bring forth its fruits by spontaneous evolution. We have nothing forced by the warmth of encouragement, or perfected by the care of cultivation. The country has at no time experienced any of the liberality, or watchful solicitudes of a sage and beneficent government. It is to her *genius*, "*her unfostered, unsustained, uninvigorated, genius* that all is due."

Why, then, has a people who have certainly evinced consummate capacity in a very wide range of arduous exertion, never produced a single *literary work of the highest excellence?*

The true solution of the apparent inconsistency, does not at all militate against our pretensions to genius: this attribute must be conceded to us. It follows thence irresistibly, that the explanation of our literary, or any other deficiency, is to be sought in the peculiar circumstances of the country, which have prevented the

application of its attention to these subjects.

I shall direct the ensuing inquiry to the consideration of the question, *What are the Causes to which the Slow Progress of Learning in the United States is to be attributed?*

FALKLAND.

(*To be continued.*)

---

*For The Port Folio.*

From the pen of a man of letters, and as COWPER says, "a man of morals too" we have just received a collection of very elegant and amusing essays, professedly written in the manner of GOLDSMITH. The imitation of the style of that fascinating authour is by no means servile. It is easy, sprightly and fortunate, and our successful copyist is evidently "one, who loves literature, admires genius, and reverences true criticism." It gives us great pleasure to insert these essays in The Port Folio, because we think that the majority of our readers will peruse them with a satisfaction equal to that which we have felt in turning over these light leaves of gay miscellany. The authour's name, which we are at liberty to give, is BREWSTER, he has distinguished himself as a contributor to one of the best literary journals in London; and his *Hours of Leisure* are very successfully devoted to polite literature and the best interests of mankind.

## INTRODUCTION.

We never begin to think justly, until time and circumstance render us in some measure independent of the commonly received opinions and prejudices of men;—in short, not until we arrive at that happy climacterick, of the understanding, when the pleasures, the cares, and the profits of the world abate something of their fancied estimates, and sink to their intrinsick value. It is that independent moment, happen when it may, when we care no longer for the opinions of Mr. Tomkins, and Mr. Simkins, any further than the opinions of Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Simkins go along with truth,—when we begin to be only commonly civil to folly, and cease to be obliging to vice.

It is neither honours, nor wealth, nor age, that are capable of producing so desirable a point of wisdom. Honours may create pride,—wealth self-will,—and age may confirm prejudices. They are the friends of errour, and serve to fix us in absurdity. It is, then, philosophy only that can dispose us to think justly. The man who has suffered the fever of vanity, the ravenous appetite after pleasure, and the desire of notice from the GREAT, may hail his convalescence from certain symptoms, an inclination to retire to his own room, to seat himself in an elbow chair, by his own fire-side, to shun the world, not from ill-temper, but from a just view of the uncertainty and precariousness of the tenure, by which its pleasures and vanities are held.

Let not my readers imagine, by these observations, that I am a rigid essayist, with a brown wig, and green spectacles, mumbling anathemas against the bad manners of the age,—in truth it is not so;—I am yet of middle age,—fond of pleasure, and even of dissipation;—and am one against whom his better judgment has scored up innumerable reckonings of follies and indiscretions; yet I have ever loved virtue, admired prudence, and honoured the GOOD, in every station.

But before my reader sets out on his travels through the following pages, it may be as well for him to become better acquainted with the authour.—Allow me, on this occasion, to say a few words of myself, and of the sentiments of my mind, lest any one may find it convenient to say, No,—I will not go this road;—I do not like my companion. I will tell you, then, honestly and candidly, that I am not a disciple of the new philosophy,—yet I was educated in a school of science and taste. I began early to entertain a respect for literature. Among the friends of my father were Jonas Hanway, George Keate, Lord Trevor, and many more of the most excellent men, and connoisseurs of the age. Books were my delight; and my occupation was reading to my father. I had heard of Montesquieu, Rousseau, and St. Evremond; and, at eleven years of age, I had read Montesquieu, Rousseau, and St. Evremond; but I had read, too, Bacon, Locke, Addison,

and Johnson. I was born in the latter part of the Augustan age of literature, in England, and was a philosopher in the truest meaning of the word. A desire, however, to go abroad, tempted me to forsake the natural alliance my mind had formed; but it appeared as if it was only to take me from written books, to open to me the book of nature.—AMERICA, India, China, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, displayed their treasures to my riper contemplation. I had left my home,—but in every climate I found Virtue and Humanity—in every country Providence;—and, in all the space I traversed, a Deity. The same sun arose from the horizon of India as had cherished the soil of my paternal land; and though another hemisphere presented other stars, and China another country, totally different from all the world in its scenery, its productions, and its costume, yet everywhere I could trace the strong outlines of the same Almighty hand.

But, in a few years, I was to encounter greater changes;—I was to study men, and to mix in a busy world; soon after I was to be tempted with its pleasures and dissipations, and to witness other scenes,—scenes of more splendour, but false and deceptive;—again I was to suffer changes * * * *

I have done. Perhaps I have said too much of myself;—at any rate we are better acquainted. Let us travel onwards; I will regret no longer the having been misplaced, or displaced in life. It matters but little now; nor will I consider that time lost, which may have furnished me with lessons of truth and experience, which may be useful to others. That my reflections may be of some value, I have reason to hope, for my tutor has been Vicissitude, and the world my university.

## ESSAY I.

> But Hudibras, who scorned to stoop
> To Fortune, or be said to droop,
> Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
> And sayings of philosophers.

Among the happy people in the world, are those, in whose minds nature, or philosophy, has placed a kind of acid, with which care or disappointment will not easily mix.

This acid differs very much from ill-nature; it is rather a kind of salt, expressed from frequent observations on the folly, the vanity, and the uncertainty of human events; from that best of all philosophy, which teaches us to take men as we find them, and circumstances as they occur, good or bad, for better or for worse; that dwells not on future prospects, reflects not on past troubles, and cares not for present difficulties, but dexterously turns them either to ridicule or advantage; snatching, at every opportunity, accidental pleasures, and nobly bearing up against the rubs of ill fortune.

When reflections upon the troubles of life are mixed up in a disposition naturally ill tempered, they compose what is called melancholy; but as they have no chemical affinity with good humour, they will not easily combine; and the small particles that are miscible, produce only the sweet and acid salt of true philosophy.

Such a traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend JACK EASY. Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been properly broken in; he galloped over the plains of Fancy, went off in a full canter to the road of Dissipation, and leaped over all the five-barred gates of Advice and Discretion. It may naturally be supposed, that before long his filly gave him a fall: poor Jack came down, sure enough; but he only shook himself, brushed off the dirt of the road, and mounted again in as high spirits as ever; excepting, that he now began to sit firmer in the saddle, and to look about him: this, however, did not hinder him from getting into a swamp called a Law Suit, where he remained a considerable time before he could get out: his fortune was now reduced from some thousands to a few hundreds; and by this time, no man better knew the way of life than my friend Jack Easy. He had been through all the dirty cross-roads of business, *money-borrowing*, bankruptcy, and law; and had at last arrived at *a gaol*.

My friend Jack did not despond; he consoled himself with the reflection, that he was a single man; some of his misfortunes were the consequences of his own imprudence, others of unforeseen accidents, and most of them originated from his good nature and generosity. He, however, *never excused*, he lumped them all together, took them in good part, and blamed nobody but himself; he whistled away his troubles, and often repeated,

> I am not now in Fortune's power:
> He who is down can sink no lower.

The goddess, however, at last put on her best smiles, and paid Jack a visit in the King's Bench, in the shape of a handsome legacy. Jack smiled at the thing, being, as he called it, so extremely apropos; and once

more mounted his nag. He now rode more cautiously, and turned into the road of Economy, which led to a comfortable inn with the sign of Competency over the door; he had borrowed a martingale from an old hostler called Experience; and, for the first time in his life, used a *curb*. He began already to find, that though he did not gallop away as formerly, yet he went on in his journey pleasantly enough. Some dashing riders passed him, laughing at his jog-trot pace; but he had no occasion to envy them long; for presently some of them got into ruts, others were stuck fast in bogs and quagmires, and the rest were thrown from their saddles, to the great danger of their necks. Jack Easy, meanwhile, jogged on merrily; hot or cold, wet or dry, he never complained; he now preferred getting off, and opening a gate, to leaping over it; and smiled at an obstacle, as at a turnpike, where he must necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented to walk, trot, or canter through life, has by much the advantage of his fellow travellers. He suits himself to all paces, and seldom quarrels with the tricks which the jade Fortune is sometimes disposed to play him. You might now see Jack Easy walking his hobby along the road, enjoying the scene around him, with contentment sparkling in his eyes. If the way happened to be crowded with horsemen and carriages, you might observe him very readily taking his own side of the road, and letting them pass. If it began to rain or blow, Jack only pulled up the collar of his great coat, flapped his hat, and retreated to the best shelter he could find till the storm was over.

Thus my friend Jack Easy came in with a jog-trot to the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him *as a kind of finger-post* for the good of other travellers.

(*To be continued.*)

---

*For The Port Folio.*

*From the Toy-shop of Messrs. Verbal & Trochee.*

Nemo in sese tentat descendere. Juv.

No one descends into himself to find
The secret imperfections of his mind.
Dryden.

It is a matter of much greater curiosity, than consolation, to investigate the emotions of the human heart, and observe the false estimate we generally place on our own and our fellow creatures' relative situation. This false estimation arises either from our propensity to inquire into the state of our neighbour's affairs, and our readiness to mete out to him his share of happiness or misery; or from a vain conceit of the permanency of our real or fancied preeminence, and an aversion, or rather remissness, to descend into ourselves. If we are told of the levity of such a one's temper, we immediately commiserate his folly. If we perceive the distraction and despair of an atribilarious mind, we know well how to bemoan such a calamitous situation. If we discover the dissipation and prodigality of a friend, otherwise amiable, learned, and respectable, we love, honour, and despise him; and by way of distinction, gravely remark—"So it is, that *some* bright geniuses abandon themselves to such things as destroy them, or make their lives contemptible and their deaths miserable!"

But where are our own dear selves during this plethory of compassion? Not exempt, we fear, from some equally noxious propensity. All, at one time or other, exhibit some weakness and irregularity; and ere we, though even in pity, look down on others, as wanting that solidity and weight of character which we arrogate, or possess, why not consider what we *have been*, what we *are*, and we *may yet be?* Fortune, fame, favour, feeling, all are mutable. Though prosperity play in dalliance round us, adversity may be lurking in the back ground, soon to cloud the picture in the darkest dye. Though men lend their voices and bestow their smiles to bandy our names, or brighten our characters, yet the piercing cry of calumny may strike the ear-deluding echo with the stillness of oblivion. Though the spirits be elevated and the pulse beat high, yet may misfortune or disease depress, and frustrate all. Though we know none but sweet and regular sensations; yet may our feelings be embittered, our sensibility put to the rack, our affections become languid, or our minds be bewildered and lost in the mazes of errour and uncertainty.

Why not, then, looking backward and forward, learn that each has pleasures proportionate to his capacity to enjoy them; and failings commensurate with his patience to endure their consequences? Often while one has been surprised at another's irregularity in one instance, something equally singular and detrimental has been growing upon himself unnoticed.

Dr. Johnson could reprove and pity Goldsmith for his volubility, (or, as he called it, *foolishness*, when not employed in writing) and at the same time had, perhaps, as much cause to pity himself on another account. Yes, Johnson, who had honourably and deservedly risen to competency, and to the summit of literary fame—he, who in his inimitable writings propagated the soundest morality and religion, still

Rambled in Learning's various maze beguil'd.

And although, in his *Rasselas*, he drew the picture of a man so infatuated by long study as to fancy he governed the natural world, and dreaded death only because he feared that he could not find a director to succeed him, and that nature would be reduced to

chaos—Yet Johnson himself became a victim, not only to the hypochondria, but to a clouded imagination, groping by turns in darkness, and wandering in doubts and terrour at the prospect of futurity.* Happier if, when lamenting the light and volatile deportment of others, he had in some measure refrained, closely to consider that some more trying scenes were yet to come: that a view of ourselves, and a view from this world, in the last hour, are widely different from a view of the publick estimation and the worldly characters of men; and that notwithstanding our established firmness and regularity, the vicissitudes of life may effect the most unhappy alteration in our condition, and all may seem

A barren path, a wilderness, or a dream.

Pompey, who sustained the reputation of the most fortunate and skilful general among his cotemporaries, whom the Romans almost esteemed as the arbiter of victory, while he felt secure in the number and patriotism of his troops, and the constancy of his friends, lost the liberty of his country, which with fewer soldiers, and less reliance on his friends and his own supposed invincibility, he might have preserved. And how tame and spiritless was the after conduct of this boast of the military world, let history tell.

Those who have felt themselves possessed of the greatest abilities, and have supported the most uniform character, either from guarding against eccentricity, have fallen into the opposite extreme; or, from neglecting self-examination, have presumed so far upon their immovableness, as to fall past recovery. The unfortunate Dodd too severely proved the truth of this last remark; and Swift, with all his ridiculing the weakness of others, was at last, a mortifying example of weakness and insanity.

In some of the most eminent men we have been sorry to remark too great an inclination to detract from the merit of their compeers, by expressing great sorrow and pity for some fatal propensity: yet many are the instances in which they have, sooner or later, had occasion to be abundantly repaid in the like commodities.

If we see ourselves and others aright, we shall have but little reason to be lavish in commiseration towards them, or commendation towards ourselves; but should take a comparative view with impartiality, and bear all infirmities and failings, on whatever side, with greater equanimity. And since the *economical* mania has spread so rapidly, and been sanctioned by high authority, we see no harm in recommending the economy of compassion in the distribution of it among mankind. At least we venture to propose the reinstatement of the old proverb, relating to charity's beginning at home; and advise, that instead of bestowing all our pity on the unhappy failings and defects of others, we learn to reserve some little share of it for ourselves.

* We have the highest respect and veneration for Dr. Johnson and his works; but cannot perceive why certain traits in the character of Goldsmith, of Burns, and of many others, are either to be ridiculed or lamented more than some things in the former. Certainly some peculiarities in Dr. J.'s character, from whatever cause they might spring, are the subject of deep regret among the literati.

*For The Port Folio.*

Notwithstanding it is so fashionable both at home and abroad, to sneer at *female* authours, we still retain with some obstinacy an opinion, that such women as Mrs. Radcliffe, Madame D'Arblay, and Charlotte Smith, have genius. A proof of the ingenuity of the last named lady, may be seen in the following apostrophe

TO THE FIRE FLY OF JAMAICA,

*Seen in a collection.*

How art thou alter'd! since afar
Thou seem'dst a bright earth-wandering star;
When thy living lustre ran
Tall majestick trees between,
And Guazume or Swietar,
Or the Pimento's glossy green,
As caught their varnish'd leaves, thy glowing light,
Reflected flying fires amid the moonless night.

From shady heights where currants spring,
Where the ground dove dips her wing,
Winds of night reviving blow,
Through rustling fields of maize and cane,
And wave the coffee's fragrant bough:
But winds of night for thee in vain
May breathe of the Plumeria's luscious bloom,
Or Granate's scarlet buds, or Plinia's mild perfume.

The recent captive, who in vain,
Attempts to break his heavy chain,
And find his liberty in flight,
Shall no more in terrour hide,
From thy strange and doubtful sight,
In the mountain's cavern'd side,
Or gully deep, where gibbering monkies cling,
And broods the giant bee, on dark funereal wing.

Nor thee his darkling steps to aid,
Through the forest's pathless shade,
Shall the sighing slave invoke;
Who, his daily task performed,
Would forget his heavy yoke,
And, by fond affections warm'd,
Glide to some dear sequester'd spot, to prove
Friendship's consoling voice or sympathizing love.

Now when sinks the sun away,
And fades at once the sultry day,
Thee, as falls the sudden night,
Never naturalist shall view,
Dart with corruscation bright,
Down the cocoa avenue;
Or see thee give with transient gleam to glow,
The green banana's head, or shaddock's loaded bough.

Ah! never more shalt thou behold,
The midnight beauty slow unfold
Her golden zone, and through the gloom
To thee her radiant leaves display,
More lovely than the roseate bloom
Of flowers that drink the tropick day;
And while thy dancing flames around her blaze
Shed odours more refin'd, and beam with brighter rays.

The glass thy faded form contains,
But of thy lamp no spark remains,
That lamp which through the palmy grove
Floated once with sapphire beam
As lucid as the star of love
Reflected in the bickering stream,
Transient and bright! so human meteors rise
And glare and sink in pensive Reason's eyes.

Ye dazzling comets, that appear
In Fashion's rainbow atmosphere
Height'ning and flashing for a day,
Think ye how fugitive your fame?
How soon from her light scroll away
Is wafted your ephemeron name?
Even to our canvas still your forms are shown,
Or the slow chissel shapes the pale resembling stone.

Let vaunting ostentation trust
The pencil's art, the marble's bust,
While long neglected modest worth
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, and unknown,
Obtains at length a little earth,
Where kindred merit weeps alone;
Yet there though Vanity no trophies rear,
Is Friendship's long regret and true Affection's tear.

---

*For The Port Folio.*

In the *recent* collection of the Letters of My Lady M. W. Montague, the following extraordinary epistle is found. The intrigue of the Italian frail one, is told with all the interest of a novel. Moreover, the reader who remembers, on the testimony of Mr. Pope, certain traits in the character of Lady Mary herself, will smile with more than ordinary archness, at the profound skill this experienced *Montague* displays in the science of gallantry. The Lady's opinion, whatever may be thought of its candour, with respect to the devices of prudes in every country we believe to be perfectly correct. This whole letter is an extremely curious one; and if a tyro wish to look at female nature, on the dark side, let him lay aside his Ninon d'Enclos, Mrs. Behn's novels, and even Chesterfield himself, and look at this sketch by an eminent *mistress*.

I was quietly reading in my closet, when I was interrupted by the chambermaid of the Signora Laura Bono, who flung herself at my feet, and in an agony of sobs and tears, begged me, for the love of the holy Madona, to hasten to her master's house, where the two brothers would certainly murder one another, if my presence did not stop their fury. I was very much surprised, having always heard them spoken of as a pattern of fraternal union. However, I made all possible speed thither, without staying for hoods or attendants, and was soon there, the house touching my garden wall. I was directed to the bedchamber by the noise of oaths and execrations: but on opening the door was astonished to a degree you may better guess than I describe, by seeing the Signora Laura prostrate on the ground melting in tears, and her husband standing with a drawn stiletto in his hand, swearing she should never see tomorrow's sun. I was soon let into the secret. The good man having business of consequence at Brescia, went thither early in the morning, but as he expected his chief tenant to pay his rent on that day, he left orders with his wife, that if the farmer, who lived two miles off, came himself or sent any of his sons, she should take care to make him very welcome. She obeyed him with great punctuality, the money coming in the hand of a handsome lad of eighteen: she did not only admit him to her own table, and produced the best wine in the

cellar, but resolved to give him *chair entiere.* While she was exercising this generous hospitality, the husband met, midway, the gentleman he intended to visit, who was posting to another side of the country; they agreed on another appointment, and he returned to his own house, where, giving his horse to be led round to the stable by the servant that accompanied him, he opened his door with the *passe-partout* key, and proceeded to his chamber without meeting any body, where he found his beloved spouse asleep on the bed with her gallant. The opening of the door waked them: the young fellow immediately leaped out of the window, which looked into the garden and was open, it being summer, and escaped over the fields, leaving his clothes on a chair by the bed side—a very striking circumstance. In short, the case was such, I do not think the queen of Fairies herself could have found an excuse, though Chaucer tells us she has made a solemn promise to leave none of her sex unfurnished with one to all eternity. As to the poor criminal, she had nothing to say for herself, but what I dare swear you will hear from your *youngest* daughter, if ever you *catch* her *stealing* of *sweetmeats:* "pray, pray, she would so no more, and indeed it was the first time." This last article found no credit with me: I cannot be persuaded that any woman who had lived virtuous till forty (for such is her age) could suddenly be endowed with such consummate impudence, to solicit a youth at first sight, there being no probability, his age and station considered, that he would have made any attempt of that kind. I must confess I was wicked enough to think the unblemished reputation she had hitherto maintained, and *did not fail to put us in mind of,* was *owing to a series of such frolicks;* and, to say truth, they are the only amours that can reasonably hope to remain undiscovered. Ladies that can resolve to make love thus *extempore,* may pass unobserved, especially if they can content themselves with low life, where fear may oblige their favourites to secrecy: there wants only a very lewd constitution, a very bad heart, and a moderate understanding, to make this conduct easy, and *I do not doubt it has been practised by many prudes beside her* I am now speaking of. You may be sure I did not communicate these reflections. The first word I spoke was to desire Signor Carlo to sheath his poignard, not being pleased with its glittering: he did so very readily, begging my pardon for not having done it on my first appearance, saying he did not know what he did; and indeed he had the countenance and gesture of a man distracted. I did not endeavour a defence; that seemed to me impossible, but represented to him, as well as I could, the crime of murder, which, if he could justify before men, was still a crying sin before God: the disgrace he would bring on himself and posterity, and the irreparable injury he would do his eldest daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, that I knew he was extremely fond of. I added that if he thought proper to part with his lady, he might easily find a pretext for it some months hence; and that it was as much his interest as hers to conceal this affair from the knowledge of the world. I could not presently make him taste these reasons, and was forced to stay there near five hours, almost from five to ten at night, before I durst leave them together, which I would not do until he had sworn, in the most serious manner, that he would make no future attempt on her life. I was content with his oath, knowing him to be very devout, and found I was not mistaken. How the matter was made up between them afterwards I know not; but it is now two years since it happened, and all appearances remaining as if it had never been. The chambermaid and myself have preserved the strictest silence, and the lady retains the satisfaction of insulting all her acquaintance on the foundation of a spotless character that only she can boast in the parish where she is most heartily hated, from these airs of impertinent virtue.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

—

The French nation, have shown themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotick government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals, of so wild a nature, as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and caressing they may appear when under control, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

—

I do not know upon what principle the royal families of various countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in publick. If these exhibitions are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid.

—

The Emperour Joseph, being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, *Je suis par metier Royaliste.*

*Moore.*

—

### THE WILD ROSE BUD.

Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
It there would have bloom'd for many an hour,
But how soon will it perish with me!

Already its beautiful texture decays,
Already it fades on my sight!
'Tis thus that chill languor too often o'erpays
The moments of transient delight!

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste;
How often we mourn with a penitent tear
O'er the joys that we lavish'd in waste!

This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes,
But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breast,
It languishes, withers, and DIES!

—

First impressions, which sink into the heart, and form the character, never change. The objects of our attention, vary in the different periods of life. This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality, remains essentially the same. He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate, and generous.

—

A tyrant of antiquity, ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron: stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality; and such is the equality which the tyrants who have tortured the French with their mad decrees would subject them to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society, but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, of activity, or industry.

It is not surprising that this idea of equality, is very favourably received by the lower order of society. I make no manner of doubt, that there are men of acknowledged dulness, and women decidedly ugly, who would rejoice in a decree for an equality of genius and beauty; and who, to that variety in which nature delights, would prefer an insipid monotony of talents and looks all over the world. But until nature shall issue such a decree, the decrees of all the national conventions on earth, to establish *egalite* will be vain.

*Dr. Moore.*

Is it that the people are changed, that the commonwealth cannot be protected by its laws? I hardly think it. On the contrary, I conceive, that these things happen because men are not changed, but remain always what they always were; they remain what the bulk of us must ever be, when abandoned to our vulgar propensities, without guide, leader, or control: that is, made to be full of a blind elevation in prosperity; to despise untried dangers; to be overpowered with unexpected reverses; to find no clue in a labyrinth of difficulties; to get out of a present inconvenience with any risk of future ruin; to follow and to bow to fortune; to admire successful though wicked enterprise, and to imitate what we admire; to contemn the government which announces danger from sacrilege and regicide, whilst they are only in their infancy and their struggle, but which finds nothing that can alarm in their adult state and in the power and triumph of those destructive principles. In a mass we cannot be left to ourselves. We must have leaders. If none will undertake to lead us right, we shall find guides who will contrive to conduct us to shame and ruin.—*Burke.*

—

It cannot escape observation, that when men are too much confined to professional and faculty habits, and, as it were inveterate in the recurrent employment of that narrow circle, they are rather disabled than qualified for whatever depends on the knowledge of mankind, on experience in mixed affairs, on a comprehensive connected view of the various complicated external and internal interests which go to the formation of that multifarious thing called a state.—*Ibid.*

—

SONG.

To his sons, cried old Gripe, "be my last words obey'd,
'E re I'm given to the grim undertaker:
Thou wert, Timothy, bred a miller by trade,
Tom's a farmer, and Robert a baker;
Do you three, bound in one like the bundle of sticks,
Though various the fortunes you weather,
Take my blessing, and swear lads, whatever you tricks,
To death that you'll all hang together."

Possessed of the granary, the oven, and mill,
To profit of this manumission,
They vow'd to obey their dear father's last will,
And to cherish his kind admonition.
Good man, he had taught them that prudence was gold,
That no one should lavish a feather,
That conscience brought thousands when once it was sold,
And that brothers should still hang together.

Thus Tim, Tom, and Bob, on Remorse shut the door,
The baker to trade paid attention,
The miller kept grinding the face of the poor,
The farmer sowed wheat and dissension.
Each shut up his heart as he shut up his purse,
Both made of good strong stretching leather;
Their large fortunes were branded with every man's cash,
Who wished they were all hanged together.

And thus they went on in the good common cause,
In each other still placing reliance;
To good fellowship, feeling, religion, and laws,
Firm and manfully bidding defiance;
But perjury never was one of their crimes,
For, to prove that they outwent their tether,
On a gibbet, by way of a touch on the times,
Though they're dead, yet they all hang together.

—

Among the perusers of the history of mind, it is well known that Helvetius contends that education alone constitutes merited superiority, while on the other hand, much better philosophers, have asserted the rights of native genius. It has, however, lately been well remarked that this literary controversy turns entirely on a misconstruction of te ms. That which the disciples of the new philosophy call an *aptitude* to *patience and labour* is only another expression for what the pupils of the old school call genius, and this certainly depends upon *organization.* Industry

can do every thing *but create this power*. It is with genius as with singing: a singer may *acquire* taste, art, and every refinement; but a VOICE must be the *gift of nature*.

—

Few works of magnitude presented themselves at once in full extent to their authours; patiently were they examined and insensibly were they formed. We often observe this circumstance noticed in their prefaces. Writers have proposed to themselves a little piece of two acts, and the farce has become a comedy of five; an essay swells into a treatise, and a treatise into volumes!

MERRIMENT.

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? to which he replied, he ran away with him. "And what," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?" "That," replied the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "ran away too."

—

An Irish lad being sent to purchase a piece of cheese, his fellow-servants did not like the taste of it, and desired him to change it: it was one half of a Gloucester cheese. He went back, and returned with the other half, but was told upon tasting it, that it was the same. "I'll take my bible oath it is not," he replied, "for I saw the man give me the other half with my own eyes."

—

As the troops from Holland were marching through a little village, the inhabitants all on a gaze, one of them asked a soldier several questions; among the rest whether he had been treated with hospitality? "Yes, indeed," replied the man, "rather more than I wished, I was in the *hospital* almost all the time."

—

A young rakish fellow, having one day taken more wine than usual, was unable to find his way home. He had been making his visit a little way into the country, and, on his return, literally fell into a pond: however, the water being but shallow, he made shift to scramble partly out of it; I say partly, as one of his legs still dangled in the chilling element. He had, in this state, fallen fast asleep, when he was observed by one of his companions passing the same road, who kindly awoke him, and urged him to rise. The moon at this time shining remarkably bright, and dazzling his eyes at the instant he opened them, he stammered out—"Now, do let me alone; let me sleep; and if you will be busy, put out that candle, and throw some more clothes on the bed."

—

Original letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

Dear sir,

On Munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be mutch obliged to you, if so be you will send me down by the coatch, some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to ask my brother, the old *Mare*, and the rest of the bentch. I am, Sur, &c.

Thus answered by a Wag, into whose hands it fell.

Sir,

In obedience to your order, have sent you per coach, two bushells of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added bran to make a mash.

—

At a certain review, a company of thirty, after receiving the word "fire," pulled so irregularly, that the reports were almost like that of single pieces, which naturally enraging the captain, he cried out, with a design of mortifying—"Why, how now? only *twenty-eight* have fired: where are the other two?"

—

A good-natured country gentleman, in his morning ride, overtook a poor shepherd's boy, who having been busied in marking the sheep with a substance they term *ruddle*, was sauntering home. The gentleman, kindly imagining he was fatigued, offered to let him ride behind him; and, during

the conversation, gave him many excellent maxims, and much good advice, at every pause exclaiming, "Mark me well, boy;" meaning, that he should pay attention; but which the boy understood as a wish to be well marked, as he had already been employed: so besmeared the poor man's coat with his dirty composition. The frequent repetition of—"Mark me well," at length obliged the boy to reply, "I cannot mark you any more, sir; I have used all the ruddle."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An affectionate friend, who to the courtesy of a gentleman adds the learning of a scholar and the endowments of genius, has delighted us with an essay on the state of letters in this country. This subject, which is interesting not only to authours but to readers, our able correspondent proposes to pursue effectually. We hope, that his opinions, which have been deliberately formed, and are candidly expressed, will have their just preponderation. He is indeed an untramelled thinker, and an independent man.

For never yet
Lur'd he the *pop'lar ear* with *fictious tales*,
Or sacrific'd the dignity of man,
To make the *vulgar* sport, and win their shout.
Him rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whisper'd, not published by Fame's *braying* trump:
Be thou his herald, NATURE, let him please
THE SACRED FEW, let his remembrance live
Embosom'd by *the experienced and the wise.*

The character of a literary Journal, such as we are ambitious to conduct, is well described by D'ISRAELI, who is himself an admirable miscellaneous writer, and who has fully anticipated our correspondent.

It should be the characteristick of good Miscellanies to be multifarious and concise. Montaigne approves of Plutarch and Seneca, because their brief papers were suited to his disposition, and where knowledge is acquired without a tedious study. It is, says he, no great attempt to take one of these authours in hand, and I give over at pleasure, for they have no sequel or connexion. La Fontaine agreeably applauds short compositions:

Les longs ouvrages me font peur;
Loin d'épuiser une matière,
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

And old Francis Osborne has a coarse and ludicrous image, in favour of such *opuscula;* he says, "Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than *smaller pieces.*" To quote so light a genius as the enchanting La Fontaine, and so solid a mind as the sensible Osborne, is taking in all the climates of the human mind: it is touching at the equator, and pushing on to the pole.

"The Wild Irishman's Lament," is a piteous description of "a sorry sight." The libellous Printer may well exclaim in the language of his countryman PRESTON,

For still in dreams ideal terrours rise,
Stain all my clothes and seal my blacken'd eyes,
And oaken cudgels whistle in the wind,
And sharp-toed shoes assail me from behind;
Now spousy seems to clasp me to her breast,
Now pats my cheek and whispers me to rest,
With sticking plaster heals her *Printer's* scars,
Disgraceful tokens of unequal wars,
Or seems the lenient flannel to prepare,
For Love disdains not such a menial care,
Foments my head still soft from *thirty* blows,
And regions livid from eternal toes.

"Apelles" is an artist of celebrity. We hope he will furnish us with a gallery of portraits.

"Thus Painters write their names at Co."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio*

### SONNET.

Fair blooms the opening bud of genial spring,
And Zephyr wafts its grateful odours round;
Its purple tints excel the azure hue
That marks the clouds of yonder blue-ey'd sky;
And through the wood fall many a greeting sound
Is sweetly borne on Echo's murmuring wing:

Yet soon as evening shade shall close the day,
This blushing flower will droop its head and die.
Thus the young maid whom Nature's liberal hand
Has fashioned for the world's delighted view,
Fair as the forms that charm the lover's eye,
When o'er his pillow Fancy waves her wand,
Rises in health's warm glow at dawn of day,
And sinks in silent slumber ere the moon emits her ray.

*Baltimore.*

—

*For The Port Folio.*

## THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

Lull'd in the arms of him she loved
Ianthe sighed the kindest things:
Her fond surrender he approved
With smiles; and thus enamour'd sings;

" How sweet are lovers' vows by night,
" Lapp'd in a honeysuckle grove,
" When Venus sheds her gentle light,
" And sooths the yielding soul to love;

" Soft as the silent-footed dews
" That steal upon the star-light hours;
" Warm as a love-sick poet's muse,
" And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

" To hear our vows the moon grows pale,
" And pants Endymion's warmth to prove:
" While emulous the nightingale
" Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

" The silver sounding shining spheres,
" That animate the glowing skies,
" Nor charm so much as thou my ears,
" Nor bless so much as thou my eyes.

" Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,
" Thus sink in softness on thy breast;
" No cares shall haunt us, dangers part,
" For ever loving, ever blest.

" Censorious envy dares not blame
" The passion which thy truth inspires:
" Ye stars, bear witness that my flame
" Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them hid among the boughs
And heard him sing their mutual bliss:
"Enjoy," cried he, " Ianthe's vows,
" But oh!—I envy thee her kiss."

—

*For The Port Folio.*

### *TO A SLEEPING INFANT.*

*By the late R. B. Davis. Esq.*

Sweet are thy slumbers, innocence, reclined
On the fond bosom of maternal love;
Calm as the lake whose waters gently move,
Wafting the spirit of the dying wind.
For thee Affection wakes with pleasing care,
Delighted smiles, and breathes the fervent prayer.

Far different is sleep, when Labour faints
On his hard couch, when restless Avarice quakes;
When from the scene of dread that conscience paints,
Affrighted Guilt with sudden horrour wakes;
When from the eye of day Misfortune shrinks,
And on his bed of thorns despondent sinks.

When night recals the toilsome day of care,
When hopeless love catches in short repose
Scenes that alike his aching bosom tear,
Visions of shadowy bliss or real woes.

For dreams like these, and nights of anxious pain,
*Manhood* thy peaceful slumbers must resign,
And all his boasted wisdom sigh in vain
For the calm blessings of a sleep like thine.

—

*For The Port Folio.*

### FROM THE PERSIAN.

Oh! I have vow'd that ne'er again
My lips the flowing cup should drain,
And oft I've sworn I ne'er would sigh
For the bright maid with roe-like eye.
But though of vows I've made a score—
I vow'd—but alas could do no more.
What are all the Houris' bowers
And gardens of celestial powers?
Oh, who would seek their fragrant shade
If bless'd not with the graceful maid?
What bliss can they enjoy above
Who never see the smiles of love?
Whene'er I bend my knees in pray'r,
My thoughts are turn'd to one lov'd fair.
I see the timid humid glance
Which might an angel's soul entrance;
Her neck outshines the milk-white hind
That trembles in the whisp'ring wind;
While o'er that neck so wondrous fair
Fall ringlets of her coal-black hair,
Like bunches of the clust'ring date
Which bend the palm-tree by their weight;
Her waist is of the tapering form,
Like the fresh reed that fears the storm;
Her fingers glowing at the tips
I press to my enraptured lips;
The brightness of her beauteous face
Quickly all holy thoughts efface.
I strive to send my soul above,
But I can only whisper, love;
Lowly I bend me at the shrine,
But worship only love and wine;
And while their charms my breast inflame,
I quite forget the prophet's name.

*For The Port Folio.*

### ELEGY—THE SEPARATION.

*By the late R. B. Davis, Esq.*

The look that she gave when she bade me *adieu;*
The sigh that escap'd when she said—"We must part;"
Her hand, as I prest it, while slow she withdrew;
Still live in my memory, still thrill in my heart.

Her tear-moisten'd handkerchief, waving "Farewell,"
From the vessel, too cruelly swift in its course;
Her signs—as if still she had something to tell—
Each moment return, and return with new force.

For who could forget—who remember, unmoved,
Such charms as indifference fondly might trace?
Who that once lov'd like me, like me was belov'd
By beauty and gentleness, virtue and grace?

Yes—she loved me—How sweet, how transporting the theme!
Though *far*, and *forever*, she's gone from my sight,
It warms each reflection, presides in each dream,
And even gives *absence* a tinge of delight

Though cruel the thought—"*Ne'er to see her again;*"
*Time* and *distance* their power unavailing will prove;
Though heavy between us the *lengthening chain,*
'Twas form'd by *esteem*, and is fasten'd by *love.*

Is she absent?—Oh, no!—*still* her beauties appear:
My soul dwells entranc'd on the vision divine:
Her voice of affectionate musick I hear—
In the accents of Heaven it says—"*I am thine.*"

## EPIGRAMS.

*From the Provençal, by Mrs. Opie.*

The heart you gave me t'other day,
I've neither lent nor chang'd away;
But now 'tis so well mix'd with mine
I really know not which is thine.

Of the tax upon watches poor Richard is sick,
Lest *his* turn should come next, for *he* goes upon *tick.*

—

Dick from the country went to buy a hat;
Return'd his neighbour ask'd, "pray what cost that."
Why, answer'd Dick, the town's so fill'd with vice,
They charge an honest farmer double price.
"Dick, you mistake, 'twas charity, not sin;
You were a stranger, and *they took you in.*"

O.

## *EPITAPHS.*

### *THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.*

Here lies a constant pair below,
Who knew not matrimonial wo,
And ne'er express'd a wish to part;
Love the soul regent of each heart.
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd
And life's last sands were sands of gold;
What precious hours! what charming weather!
You ask how long they liv'd together?
From good authority I speak,
They liv'd together—one *whole week.*

—

*On an importunate tailor.*

Here lies W. W.
Who never more will trouble you trouble you.

—

*On a puritanical locksmith.*

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate;
He stood without and would not knock,
Because he meant *to pick the lock.*

—

*On the parson of a country church.*

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us all.

—

*On a Lawyer.*

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years follow'd the law,
When he died
The devil cried
James, give us your paw.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia,

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, NO. 28, NORTH SECOND STREET.